

Eng. Poetry vol. 40.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY MR. CARTWRIGHT. *K*

THE FIFTH EDITION.



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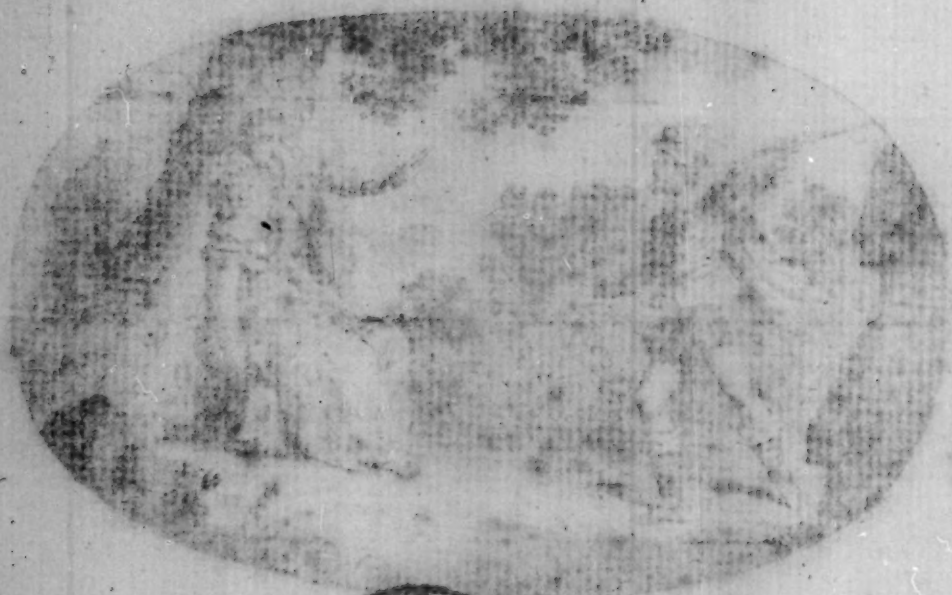
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ARMINE AND ELVIRA
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LEGENDARY
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H. MACCARTHY
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THE FINEST
THE FINEST



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TO
THE AUTHOR OF
ARMINE AND ELVIRA,
BY DR. LANGHORNE.

TRUE to the Cares that led thy early Youth
Thro' Paths where Science points to Taste and Truth;
True to the Hopes that letter'd Labour knows,
Watching the Bloom of Genius as it blows;
True to the generous Pleasures that attend,
When smiling Fruits the cultur'd Branches bend;
O! with that Muse, who Gifts like these can give,
Live in long Favour, long Affection live!

For me, who once with happier Fortunes blest,
Felt in the Feast of Life a finer Zest;
Who gain'd, unloaded with the Weight of Years,
The Port where ev'ry human Vessel steers;
Since Death, with Nature's noblest Works at Strife,
Quench'd the fair Star that smil'd upon my Life:
For me what Charms, what Lenitives remain,
Save the soft Measures of some soothing Strain?
And such were thine*; when in that lowly Shade,
Where, now long lost, my tender Hopes are laid,
Thy tuneful Woe stole sweetly on my Ear,
And thy Eye swell'd the universal Tear.

For such fair Service may thy gentle Heart,
Where once I held, and long would hold a Part,
Should it beneath almighty Love's Controul
Sigh for *the Mutuality of Soul*,
Meet each mild Virtue in its future Fair,
Like ARMINE love, and find ELVIRA there.

* Alluding to CONSTANTIA, an Elegy in Memory of Mrs. L——.

THE JOURNAL OF THE REV. J. H. B. V. R. A.

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PART I.

A HERMIT on the Banks of TRENT,
Far from the World's bewildering Maze,
To humbler Scenes of calm Content,
Had fled from brighter, busier Days.

If haply from his guarded Breast
Should steal the unsuspected Sigh,
And Memory, an unbidden Guest,
With former Passions fill'd his Eye;

Then pious Hope and Duty prais'd

The Wisdom of th' UNERRING SWAY;
And while his Eye to Heaven he rais'd,
Its silent Waters sunk away.

Life's gayer Ensigns once he bore—

Ah! what avails the mournful Tale?
Suffice it, when the Scene was o'er,
He fled to the sequester'd Vale.

“ What tho' the Joys I lov'd so well,

“ The Charms,” he cry'd, “ that Youth has known,

“ Fly from the Hermit's lonely Cell!

“ Yet is not ARMINE still my own?

“ Yes, ARMINE, yes, thou valued Youth!

“ 'Midst every Grief thou still art mine!

“ Dear Pledge of WINIFREDA's Truth,

“ And Solace of my Life's Decline!

“ Tho'

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“ Tho’ from the World and worldly Care

“ My wearied Mind I mean to free,

“ Yet ev’ry Hour that Heaven can spare,

“ My ARMINE, I devote to thee.

“ And sure that Heaven my Hopes shall bless,

“ And make thee fam’d for Virtues fair,

“ And happy too, if Happiness

“ Depend upon a Parent’s Pray’r:

“ Last Hope of Life’s departing Day,

“ In whom its future Scenes I see!

“ No truant Thought shall ever stray

“ From this lone Hermitage and thee.”

Thus, to his humble Fate resign’d,

His Breast each anxious Care foregoes;

All but the Care of ARMINE’S Mind,

The dearest Task a Parent knows!

And well were all his Cares repaid ;

In ARMINE's Breast each Virtue grew,

In full Maturity display'd

To fond Affection's anxious View.

Nor yet neglected were the Charms

To polish'd Life that Grace impart,

Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms

'Till Science humanize the Heart.

And when he saw the lawless Train

Of Passions in the youthful Breast,

He curb'd them not with rigid Rein,

But strove to soothe them into Rest.

" Think not, my Son, in this," he cry'd,

" A Father's Precept shall displease :

" No——be each Passion gratify'd

" That tends to Happiness or Ease.

" Nor

“ Nor shall th’ ungrateful Task be mine
 “ Their native generous Warmth to blame,
 “ That Warmth if Reason’s Suffrage join
 “ To point the Object and the Aim.

“ This Suffrage wanting, know, fond Boy,
 “ That every Passion proves a Foe :
 “ Tho’ much it deal in promis’d Joy,
 “ It pays, alas ! in certain Woe.

“ Complete Ambition’s wildest Scheme ;
 “ In Power’s most brilliant Robes appear ;
 “ Indulge in Fortune’s golden Dream ;
 “ Then ask thy Breast if Peace be there :

“ No : it shall tell thee, Peace retires
 “ If once of her lov’d Friends depriv’d ;
 “ Contentment calm, subdued Desires,
 “ And Happiness that’s self-deriv’d.”

10 A R M I N E A N D E L V I R A,

To temper thus the stronger Fires
Of Youth he strove, for well he knew,
Boundless as Thought tho' Man's Desires,
The real Wants of Life were few.

And oft revolving in his Breast
Th' insatiate Lust of Wealth or Fame,
He, with no common Care oppress'd,
To Fortune thus would oft exclaim :

“ O Fortune ! at thy crouded Shrine
“ What wretched Worlds of Suppliants bow !
“ For ever hail'd thy Power divine,
“ For ever breath'd the serious Vow.

“ With tottering Pace and feeble Knee,
“ See Age advance in shameless Haste,
“ The palsy'd Hand is stretch'd to thee
“ For Wealth he wants the Power to taste.

“ See,

- " See, led by Hope the youthful Train,
 " Her Fairy Dreams their Hearts have won;
 " She points to what they ne'er shall gain,
 " Or dearly gain—to be undone.

 " Must I too form the votive Prayer,
 " And wilt thou hear one Suppliant more?
 " His Prayer, O Fortune! deign to hear,
 " To thee who never pray'd before.

 " O may one dear, one favour'd Youth,
 " May ARMINE still thy Power disclaim;
 " Kneel only at the Shrine of Truth,
 " Count Freedom Wealth, and Virtue Fame!"

Lo! to his utmost Wishes blest,

The Prayer was heard; and Freedom's Flame,
 And Truth, the Sunshine of the Breast,
 Were ARMINE's Wealth, were ARMINE's Fame.

His

His Heart no selfish Cares confin'd,
He felt for all that feel Distress,
And, still benevolent and kind,
He bless'd them, or he wish'd to bless.

For what tho' Fortune's Frown deny
With Wealth to bid the Sufferer live?
Yet Pity's Hand can oft supply
A Balm she never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient Drops assuage
The Wounds no ruder Hand can heal,
When Grief, Despair, Distraction rage,
While Death the Lips of Love shall seal.

Ah then, his Anguish to remove,
Depriv'd of all his Heart holds dear,
How sweet the still surviving Love
Of Friendship's Smile, of Pity's Tear!

This

This knew the Sire : He oft would cry,

“ From these, my Son, O ne’er depart !

“ These tender Charities, that tye

“ In mutual League the human Heart.

“ Be thine those Feelings of the Mind,

“ That wake at Honour’s, Friendship’s Call ;

“ Benevolence, that unconfin’d

“ Extends her liberal Hand to all.

“ By Sympathy’s untutor’d Voice

“ Be taught her social Laws to keep ;

“ Rejoice if human Heart rejoice,

“ And weep if human Eye shall weep.

“ The Heart that bleeds for others Woes,

“ Shall feel each selfish Sorrow less ;

“ His Breast, who Happiness bestows,

“ Reflected Happiness shall bless.

“ Each

“ Each ruder Passion still withstood

“ That breaks o’er Virtue’s sober Line,

“ The Tender, Noble, and the Good

“ To cherish and indulge be thine.

“ And yet, my ARMINE, might I name

“ One Passion as a dangerous Guest?

“ Well may’st thou wonder when I blame

“ The Tenderest, Noblest, and the Best.

“ Nature, ’tis true, with Love design’d

“ To smoothe the Race our Fathers ran;

“ The Savage of the human Kind

“ By Love was soften’d into Man.

“ As feels the Ore the searching Fire,

“ Expanding and refining too,

“ So fairer glow’d each fair Desire,

“ Each gentle Thought so gentler grew. ★

“ How

“ How chang’d, alas ! those happier Days !

“ A Train how different now succeeds !

“ While fordid Avarice betrays,

“ Or empty Vanity misleads.

“ Fled from the Heart each nobler Guest,

“ Each genuine Feeling we forego ;

“ What Nature planted in the Breast,

“ The Flowers of Love are Weeds of Woe.

“ Hence all the Pangs the Heart must feel

“ Between contending Passions tost,

“ Wild Jealousy’s avenging Steel,

“ And Life and Fame and Virtue lost !

“ Yet falling Life, yet fading Fame,

“ Compar’d to what his Heart annoy

“ Who cherishes a hopeless Flame,

“ Are Terms of Happiness and Joy.

“ Ah, then the soft Contagion fly !

“ And timely shun th’ alluring Bait ! ”

The rising Blush, the downcast Eye

Proclaim’d—The Precept was too late.

The End of the First Part.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA,
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PART II.

DEEP in the Bosom of a Wood,
Where Art had form'd the moated Isle,
An antique Castle towering stood,
In Gothic Grandeur rose the Pile.

Here RAYMOND, long in Arms renown'd,
From Scenes of War would oft repair;
His Bed an only Daughter crown'd,
And smil'd away a Father's Care.

By Nature's happiest Pencil drawn,
 She wore the vernal Morning's Ray ;
 The vernal Morning's blushing Dawn
 Breaks not so beauteous into Day.

Her Breast, impatient of Controul,
 Scorn'd in its filken Chains to lye,
 And the soft Language of the Soul
 Flow'd from her never-silent Eye.

The Bloom that open'd on her Face
 Well seem'd an Emblem of her Mind,
 Where snowy Innocence we trace,
 With blushing Modesty combin'd.

To these resistless Grace impart
 That Look of Sweetness form'd to please,
 That Elegance devoid of Art,
 That Dignity that's lost in Ease.

What

What Youth so cold could view unmov'd

The Maid that every Beauty shar'd?

Her ARMINE saw, he saw, he lov'd,

He lov'd—alas! and he despair'd!

Unhappy Youth! he sunk oppress'd;

For much he labour'd to conceal

That gentlest Passion of the Breast,

Which ALL can feign, but FEW can feel.

Ingenuous Fears suppress the Flame,

Yet still he own'd its hidden Power;

With Transport dwelling on her Name,

He sooth'd the solitary Hour.

“How long,” he cry'd, “must I conceal

“What yet my Heart could wish were known

“How long the truest Passion feel,

“And yet that Passion fear to own?

“Ah,

“ Ah, might I breathe my humble Vow!

“ Might she too deign to lend an Ear!

“ ELVIRA’S Self should then allow

“ That ARMINE was at least sincere.

“ Wild Wish! to deem the matchless Maid

“ Would listen to a Youth like me,

“ Or that my Vows could e’er persuade,

“ Sincere and constant tho’ they be!

“ Ah! what avail my Love or Truth?

“ She listens to no lowly Swain;

“ Her Charms must bless some happier Youth,

“ Some Youth of Fortune’s titled Train.

“ Then go, fallacious Hope! adieu!

“ The flattering Prospect I resign!

“ And bear from my deluded View

“ The Bliss that never must be mine!

“ Yet

“ Yet will the Youth, whoe’er he be,

“ In Truth or Tendernefs excell?

“ Or will he on thy Charms like me

“ With Fondnefs never-dying dwell?

“ Will he with thine his Hopes unite?

“ With ready Zeal thy Joys improve?

“ With fond Attention and Delight

“ Each Wifh prevent, each Fear remove?

“ Will he, ftill faithful to thy Charms,

“ For constant Love be long rever’d?

“ Nor quit that Heaven within thy Arms

“ By every tender Tie endear’d?

“ What tho’ his boaftful Heart be vain

“ Of all that Birth or Fortune gave?

“ Yet is not mine, tho’ rude and plain,

“ At leaft as noble and as brave?

“ Then be its gentle Suit preferr’d !

“ Its tender Sighs ELVIRA hear !

“ In vain—I sigh—but sigh unheard ;

“ Unpitied falls this lonely Tear !”

Twice Twelve revolving Moons had past,

Since first he caught the fatal View ;

Unchang’d by Time his Sorrows last,

Uncheer’d by Hope his Passion grew.

That Passion to indulge, he fought

In RAYMOND’S Groves the deepest Shade,

There Fancy’s haunting Spirit brought

The Image of his long-lov’d Maid.

But hark ! what more than mortal Sound

Steals on Attention’s raptur’d Ear !

The Voice of Harmony around

Swells in wild Whispers soft and clear.

Can human Hand a Tone so fine
 Sweep from the String with Touch prophane?
 Can human Lip with Breath divine
 Pour on the Gale so sweet a Strain?

'Tis She—the Source of ARMINE's Woe—
 'Tis She—whence all his Joy must spring—
 From her lov'd Lips the Numbers flow,
 Her magic Hand awakes the String.

Now, ARMINE, now thy Love proclaim,
 Thy instant Suit the Time demands;
 Delay not—Tumult shakes his Frame!
 And lost in Ecstasy he stands!

What Magic chains thee to the Ground?
 What Star malignant rules the Hour,
 That thus in fixt Delirium drown'd,
 Each Sense intranc'd hath lost its Pow'r?

The Trance dispel! awake! arise!

Speak what untutor'd Love inspires!

The Moment's past—thy wild Surprise

She fees, nor unalarm'd retires.

“ Stay, sweet Illusion! stay thy Flight!

“ 'Tis gone!—ELVIRA's Form it wore—

“ Yet one more Glimpse of short Delight!

“ 'Tis gone, to be beheld no more!

“ Fly, loitering Feet! the Charm pursue

“ That plays upon my Hopes and Fears!

“ Hah!—no Illusion mocks my View!

“ 'Tis She—ELVIRA's Self appears!

“ And shall I on her Steps intrude?

“ Alarm her in these lonely Shades?

“ O stay, fair Nymph! no Russian rude

“ With base Intent your Walk invades.

“ Far

“ Far gentler Thoughts ”—his faltering Tongue
 By humble Diffidence restrain'd,
 Paus'd in Suspense—but thus ere long,
 As Love impell'd, its Power regain'd :

“ Far gentler Thoughts that Form inspires ;
 “ With me far gentler Passions dwell ;
 “ This Heart hides only blameless Fires,
 “ Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

“ The faltering Voice that fears Controul,
 “ Blushes that inward Fires declare,
 “ Each tender Tumult of the Soul
 “ In Silence owns ELVIRA there.”

He said ; and as the trembling Dove
 Sent forth t' explore the watery Plain,
 Soon fear'd her Flight might fatal prove,
 And sudden fought her Ark again,

His Heart recoil'd ; as one that rued

What he too hastily confest,

And all the rising Soul subdued

Sought Refuge in his inmost Breast.

The tender Strife ELVIRA saw

Distrest ; and as some Parent mild,

When arm'd with Words and Looks of Awe,

Melts o'er the Terrors of her Child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry Fear

In soft Sensations died away ;

They felt the Force of ARMINE's Tear,

And fled from Pity's rising Sway.

“ That mournful Voice, that modest Air,

“ Young Stranger, speak the courteous Breast,

“ Then why to these rude Scenes repair,

“ Of Shades the solitary Guest ?

“ And

“ And who is she whose Fortunes bear

“ ELVIRA’s melancholy Name?

“ O may those Fortunes prove more fair,

“ Than hers who sadly owns the same?

“ Ah, gentle Maid, in mine survey

“ A Heart,” he cries, “ that’s yours alone!

“ Long has it own’d ELVIRA’s Sway,

“ Tho’ long unnotic’d and unknown.

“ ON SHERWOOD’s old heroic Plain

“ ELVIRA grac’d the festal Day,

“ There, foremost of the youthful Train,

“ Her ARMINE bore the Prize away.

“ There first that Form my Eyes survey’d,

“ With future Hopes that fill’d my Heart;

“ But ah! beneath that Frown they fade—

“ Depart, vain, vanquish’d Hopes! depart.”

He said ; and on the Ground his Eyes
 Were fixt abash'd : Th' attentive Maid,
 Loft in the Tumult of Surprize,
 The well-remember'd Youth survey'd.

The tranfient Colour went and came,
 The struggling Bosom funk and rose,
 The trembling Tumults of her Frame
 The strong-conflicting Soul difclose.

The Time, the Scene ſhe ſaw with Dread,
 Like CYNTHIA ſetting glanc'd away ;
 But ſcatter'd Bluſhes as ſhe fled,
 Bluſhes that ſpoke a brighter Day.

A friendly Shepherd's neighbouring Shed
 To paſs the live-long Night he fought,
 And Hope, the Lover's downy Bed,
 A ſweeter Charm than Slumber brought.

On every Thought ELVIRA dwelt,
The tender Air, the Aspect kind,
The Pity that he found she felt,
And all the Angel in her Mind.

No self-plum'd Vanity was there,
With fancy'd Consequence elate;
Unknown to her the haughty Air
That means to speak superior State.

Her Brow no keen Resentments arm,
No Swell of empty Pride she knew,
In trivial Minds that takes th' Alarm,
Should humble Love aspire to sue.

Such Love, by flattering Charms betray'd,
Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
And, blushing for the Choice he made,
Shall fly where gentler Virtues dwell.

'Tis then the Mind, from Bondage free,
And all its former Weakness o'er,
Asserts its native Dignity,
And scorns what Folly priz'd before.

The scanty Pane the rising Ray
On the plain Wall in Diamonds threw,
The Lover hail'd the welcome Day,
And to his favorite Scene he flew.

There soon ELVIRA bent her Way,
Where long her lonely Walks had been,
Nor less had the preceding Day,
Nor ARMINE less endear'd the Scene.

Oft, as she pass'd, her rising Heart
Its stronger Tenderness confess'd,
And oft she linger'd to impart
To some safe Shade her secret Breast.

“ How

" How slow the heavy Hours advance,"

She cry'd, " since that eventful Day,

" When first I caught the fatal Glance,

" That stole me from myself away !

" Ah, Youth belov'd ! tho' low thy Birth,

" The noble Air, the manly Grace,

" That Look that speaks superior Worth,

" Can Fashion, Folly, Fear erase ?

" Yet sure from no ignoble Stem

" Thy Lineage springs, tho' now unknown :

" The World censorious may condemn,

" But, ARMINE, I am thine alone.

" To Splendor only do we live ?

" Must Pomp alone our Thoughts employ ?

" All, all that Pomp and Splendor give

" Is dearly bought with Love and Joy !

“ But oh!—the favour’d Youth appears—

“ In pensive Grief he seems to move :

“ My Heart forebodes unnumber’d Fears ;

“ Support it Pity, Virtue, Love !

“ Hither his Footsteps seem to bend—

“ Come, Resolution, to my Aid !

“ My Breast what varying Passions rend !

“ Averse to go—to stay—afraid !”

“ Dear Object of each fond Desire

“ That throbs tumultuous in my Breast !

“ Why with averted Glance retire ?

“ At A R M I N E ’ s Presence why distressed ?

“ What tho’ he boast no titled Name,

“ No wide Extent of rich Domain ?

“ Yet must he feed a fruitless Flame,

“ Must Truth and Nature plead in vain ?”

“ Think not,” she said, “ by Forms betray’d,
 “ To humbler Worth my Heart is blind;
 “ For soon shall every Splendor fade,
 “ That beams not from the gifted Mind.

“ But first thy Heart explore with Care,
 “ With Faith its fond Emotions prove;
 “ Lurks no unworthy Passion there?
 “ Prompts not Ambition bold to Love?”

“ Yes, lovely Maid,” the Youth replies,
 “ A bold Ambition prompts my Breast,
 “ The towering Hope that Love supplies,
 “ The Wish in blessing to be blest.

“ The meaner Prospects I despise
 “ That Wealth, or Rank, or Power bestow;
 “ Be yours the groveling Bliss ye prize,
 “ Ye sordid Minds that stoop so low!

“ Be mine the more refin’d Delights
“ Of Love that banishes Controul,
“ When the fond Heart with Heart unites,
“ And Soul’s in Unison with Soul.”

ELVIRA blush’d the warm Reply,
(To Love a Language not unknown)
The milder Glories fill’d her Eye,
And there a softer Lustre shone.

The yielding Smile that’s half suppress’d,
The short quick Breath, the trembling Tear,
The Swell tumultuous of the Breast,
In ARMINE’S Favour all appear.

At each kind Glance their Souls unite,
While Love’s soft Sympathy imparts
That tender Transport of Delight
That beats in undivided Hearts.

Respectful

Respectful to his Lips he prest
Her yielded Hand ; in Haste away
Her yielded Hand she drew distrest,
With Looks that witness'd wild Dismay.

“ Ah whence, fair Excellence, those Fears ?

“ What Terror unforeseen alarms ? ”

“ See ! where a Father's Frown appears ” —

She said, and sunk into his Arms.

“ My Daughter ! Heavens ! it cannot be —

“ And yet it must — O dire Disgrace !

“ ELVIRA have I liv'd to see

“ Clasp'd in a Peasant's vile Embrace !

“ This Daring Guilt let Death repay ” —

His vengeful Arm the Javelin threw ;

With erring Aim it wing'd its Way,

And far, by Fate averted, flew.

ELVIRA

ELVIRA breathes—her Pulses beat,
Returning Life illumines her Eye;
Trembling, a Father's View to meet,
She spies a reverend Hermit nigh.

"Your Wrath," she cries, "let Tears assuage—

"Unheeded must ELVIRA pray?

"O let an injur'd Father's Rage

"This Hermit's sacred Presence stay!

"Yet deem not, lost in guilty Love,

"I plead to save my Virgin Fame;

"My Weakness Virtue might approve,

"And smile on Nature's holy Flame."

"O welcome to my Hopes again,

"My Son," the raptur'd Hermit cries,

"I sought thee sorrowing on the Plain,"—

And all the Father fill'd his Eyes.

"Art

“ Art thou,” the raging RAYMOND said,

“ Of this audacious Boy the Sire ?

“ Curse on the Dart that idly sped,

“ Nor bade his Peasant Soul expire !”

“ His Peasant Soul !”——indignant Fire

Flash’d from the conscious Father’s Eye,

“ A gallant Earl is ARMINE’s Sire,

“ And know, proud Chief, that Earl am I.

“ Tho’ here, within the Hermit’s Cell,

“ I long have liv’d unknown to Fame,

“ Yet crouded Camps and Courts can tell——

“ Thou too hast heard of EGBERT’s Name.”

“ Hah ! EGBERT ! he, whom tyrant Rage

“ Forc’d from his Country’s bleeding Breast ?

“ The Patron of my Orphan Age,

“ My Friend, my Warrior stands confest !

“ But

“ But why?” — “ The painful Story spare,
“ That prostrate Youth,” said EGBERT, “ see;
“ His Anguish asks a Parent’s Care,
“ A Parent, once who pitied thee !”

RAYMOND, as one, who glancing round,
Seems from some sudden Trance to start,
Snatch’d the pale Lovers from the Ground,
And held them trembling to his Heart.

Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder shed
United Tears o’er Hymen’s Reign,
And Nature her best Triumph led,
For Love and Virtue join’d her Train.



THE END.